

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



CONVALESCENT.

## HIS ONLY ENEMY.

CHAPTER XXV.—VISITORS AT THE ELMS.

ON the same afternoon that Allen Harford paid his visit to Aunt Charity and her niece, a basket-carriage and a pair of fat grey ponies, well-known in Deanfield as the property of Squire Raeburn, passed up the road leading to The Elms. It contained two ladies, Mrs. Raeburn and her daughter Maud,

who acted as charioteer, managing the reins with the easy grace and practised skill of a well-trained horsewoman. Even timid Mrs. Raeburn was not afraid to trust herself to be driven by Maud, in whom she had great confidence. They were accompanied by a pert-looking page, who occupied the back seat, and seemed to find it hard to repress his overflowing vivacity sufficient to preserve a mien of becoming gravity in the presence of his mistress. Fine as was the afternoon, Mrs. Raeburn adhered to her winter

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

velvets and furs, her figure being effectually screened from the wind by a barricade of heavy wraps.

There had been little talk between the two ladies during their drive, which had been a comparatively silent one from the time they left The Manor, a somewhat unusual circumstance when Maud Raeburn was of the party; but that afternoon the mother had not failed to notice a difference in her daughter. She was much quieter than usual, her manner being subdued, and the expression of her face serious and thoughtful, which was not characteristic of the gay lively girl. Silently the carriage rolled along the dry white road, skirted by hedges vernal with the tender green of spring, and rich in promise of forthcoming wealth of bloom and perfume, when a few weeks later the hawthorn would be in full glory. As they passed through the gate into the grounds belonging to The Elms, Maud tightened the reins, gazing thoughtfully before her in the direction of the house, which was just visible through an opening in the trees. It was then that the silence was broken by the mild voice of the elder lady. "Maud, my dear, I am afraid you are not feeling quite well to-day; you seem dull and depressed. Is anything the matter?"

Maud made an effort to answer with her wonted vivacity. "There is nothing the matter with me that I am aware of, except a slight headache that is not worth mentioning, so you need not feel any anxiety about me, mother mine." She laughed and turned round, some of the old brightness coming back to her face, as she carefully readjusted one of Mrs. Raeburn's shawls.

"Thank you, my dear; it seems almost cowardly to be so fearful of the cold; but our spring weather is so capricious, and I seem to feel the changes so much since my last illness. I wonder how we shall find Clarence this afternoon. Your papa fancied that he was rather better when he saw him yesterday. He says the doctor gives some hope now that with care he may be able to be removed in a few days."

"That is good news for Cousin Clarence, and I am very glad to hear it," Maud replied, promptly. "How kind Mr. Harford has proved himself, mamma! Papa seems quite impressed by it, particularly as there was always a coolness between him and Cousin Clarence. It was the younger brother whom he condescended to make his friend."

Mrs. Raeburn smiled. "I should not consider that your Cousin Clarence was condescending when he made a friend of Maurice Harford; from what I have seen of the brothers, they always impressed me as perfect gentlemen, particularly the elder, and with respect to position, there was little, if any, social inequality; for though they are in trade, your cousin cannot have forgotten that his own grandfather on his mother's side made his large fortune as a timber merchant."

"Why, mamma, you must mean Grandfather Raeburn. Clarence Mosely's mother was papa's sister."

"Yes, Maud, I do mean your Grandfather Raeburn, and your papa does not hold his memory in less honour because he had the moral courage to try and repair the decayed fortunes of his family by embarking in trade."

At that moment the carriage swept round a curve of the walk, which brought it in front of the hall door. After a few seconds' delay the ladies were shown into the parlour adjoining the library, where

Clarence Mosely reclined upon a couch. It could be seen that careful provision had been made for the young man's comfort. Mrs. Farren had graciously exerted herself to the utmost on behalf of the guest so strangely thrown upon her master's hospitality. On her own account, as well as Mr. Harford's, she took a special pride in putting the best aspect upon everything, and demonstrating to the squire's nephew that The Elms was in no respect inferior to The Manor. The result was that Clarence Mosely found himself treated with an amount of kindly consideration that made his enforced stay under Allen Harford's roof very different to anything that he would have anticipated, if the idea of such an improbable event had been suggested to him before his accident. He had not forgotten how persistently he had always refused Maurice Harford's invitation to his home, and how obstinately he had thwarted every attempt of the young man to draw him into a more friendly understanding with his brother. Nor did he forget how systematically he had tried to poison the mind of Maurice Harford against Allen. The gay butterfly of fashion had had time for serious reflections, and it had done him good. One beneficial effect had been the gradual melting away of his old bitterness towards Allen Harford, and the voluntary correction of many of his uncharitable judgments against him.

The visit of his aunt and cousin seemed highly satisfactory to Clarence, who welcomed them with a show of pleasure that was genuine. Mrs. Raeburn received a new impression of her nephew during that interview. She had been quick to perceive the change in his manner, which had lost the dash of supercilious hauteur which she had always found so objectionable in him. They were soon chatting pleasantly, Clarence inquiring whether they had heard from Percy and Harry, who were both at college.

"Yes, we had a letter this morning. They were very sorry to hear of your accident, Clarence. Maud informed them in her last letter."

"Thank you, Maud; it was very kind to bestow that much thought upon a poor, unfortunate fellow. I am afraid," glancing at his bandaged arm, "that I shall be obliged to forego for some time the pleasure of writing letters. Still, I must not complain. I have great cause for thankfulness, as the doctor tells me my injuries have been slight in comparison with the poor fellow who had the misfortune to be run over."

Both ladies expressed their sympathy and concern, and Maud, at her mother's suggestion, made a note of Bernard Spenser's name and address, and such slight information concerning him as Clarence was able to supply. Mrs. Raeburn glanced at her watch.

Her nephew noticed the movement, and remarked upon it. "I did not expect you to look at your watch for a full half-hour, aunt. If you have any immediate intention of going away, I must protest against it. What do you say, Maud? I hope you will be on my side for once, and kindly support my views."

She smiled and blushed at his unexpected appeal. "I don't know whether it would be judicious of me to support them, Cousin Clarence; too much talking might not be good for you."

"It is too bad of you, Maud; you are not disposed to agree with me, or let me have my own way, even when I'm on the doctor's list of patients. Indulge me for once, dear coz; and let me tell you that I

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have made up my mind not to quarrel with you if I can help it, which I foresee will not be an easy matter for either of us, we have both such explosive tempers."

Maud laughed merrily as she answered, "It is quite true about our tempers, Clarence; and I agree to a truce of hostilities, to begin from to-day."

Mrs. Raeburn, who had taken up a book, and been glancing over some of its pages, suddenly moved to a seat near the window, where she settled herself to read, and gradually became so absorbed that she lost the sound of the two voices.

In the meantime Clarence and his cousin kept up an animated conversation, that seemed to have a fund of interest and enjoyment for both. On his own part, Clarence was secretly gratified at his aunt's interest in the book she was reading, for it left him free to improve his *tête-à-tête* with Maud, and gave him an opportunity which he had not ventured to count upon. He seemed to be influenced by some motive that prompted him to exert all the power which he was conscious that he possessed to please and interest his fair visitor. That he had fully succeeded was apparent in Maud's manner. Clarence stole several furtive glances at the bright, piquant face, and wondered how it was that he had never until then made the discovery of his cousin's attractiveness. Looking at her now, he decided that Maud Raeburn was really a very handsome girl, that he had been unaccountably blind not to have acknowledged it before.

There was a pause in their conversation, which was broken by Maud. "You have been well supplied with mental food, Clarence. I believe I should find the greater part of our periodical literature represented on that table beside you."

As she spoke she glanced at the pile of magazines and newspapers which Allen Harford's forethought had provided for the invalid.

"Yes, thanks to my host, whose considerate kindness I can never appreciate too highly, particularly when I know that I was never a favourite of his."

"And add also, Clarence, on your own account, that Mr. Harford was no favourite of yours. I had always an idea that you disliked the one brother in proportion as you seemed disposed to tolerate the other. It struck me that you were often unjust and ill-natured."

Clarence winced, but he answered, half-jesting and half-earnest, "That is true, most discriminating censor; I was all that you have said. But I want you to spare me in your thoughts, Maud. Twelve months ago I might not have cared so much what I seemed to you, but now—" He suddenly checked himself, moved restlessly on his couch, effecting some slight change of position that gave him a better view of Maud's face. They seemed on the point of drifting into an embarrassing silence, which he prevented by taking up his unfinished sentence. "But now, I confess I do care what you think of me, Maud. I am no longer the self-centred, self-satisfied fellow whom you took the trouble to scold so often. I am not ashamed to acknowledge, dear Maud, that those scoldings of yours did me good, as a corrective to my vanity."

Maud had been listening with dropped eyelids, and a certain shy look of self-consciousness showing through her expression of demure gravity.

At that moment, much to Clarence Mosely's regret, the housekeeper entered with some refreshments for

the ladies. At the same time Mrs. Raeburn roused from her reading, and made the discovery that they were outstaying the limits of their time. Knowing that it would be useless to attempt to persuade his aunt to prolong her visit, he submitted with the best grace at his command, when, a few minutes later, after partaking of some of the refreshments, they took their departure.

Clarence said a hurried good-bye to his cousin, whispering some words which did not reach Mrs. Raeburn's ears. But something in the manner of their leavetaking arrested her attention, and made her glance curiously at the two faces, wondering if the suspicion that flashed through her mind was anything near the truth.

### JUDICIAL COSTUME.

ROBES—ERMINE—HOOD—TIPPET—MANTLE—COLLAR—WIG—COIF—THE BLACK CAP.

THE official dress of the judges of England has, with some slight exceptions, remained unchanged for many centuries. When Her Majesty the Queen, some twenty years since, gave a grand masquerade ball at Buckingham Palace, at which all the guests were directed to be arrayed in the costume of the reign of Charles II, two learned judges who attended, the late Lord Chief Justice Campbell and Baron Parke, congratulated themselves upon the trifling cost of their costumes. They had merely to purchase two black silk skull-caps, edged with white satin, to be worn instead of their ponderous "full-bottom" George I wigs, polished boots with high red heels, and then donning their usual scarlet and ermine robes, they were in the dress of judges of the period. Indeed, except in colour, the state and criminal robes of the judges have remained almost unaltered since the time of Henry III. The colours have now long been fixed at black, purple, and scarlet: the black always trimmed with ermine, the purple always with "shot silk," or variable taffety, as it is called in the old books, and the scarlet with ermine in winter and spring, and with shot silk in the summer. In olden days the colour varied with the taste of the reigning sovereign, out of whose wardrobe the cloth, silk, and furs for the judges' robes were furnished gratuitously. In that scarce but most interesting volume, called "Dugdale's Origines Juridicales," we have recorded, in the reign of Elizabeth, of the delivery from the wardrobe to the judges of "five ells of thick woollen cloth each" for their gowns in riding their spring circuits. And farther on of "six ells of green woollen cloth to the judges, with forty skins of miniver, for their summer circuit gowns." This custom has, however, been long discontinued, and although until recently the Corporation of London presented the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench with "black cloth and sugar loaves, and with silver platters," all such presents have ceased, and the judges now purchase their own robes, a complete set of which usually costs from £150 to £160.

Sitting *in banc* in Hilary and Michaelmas Terms the judges wear black cloth robes trimmed with ermine. In Easter and Trinity Terms purple robes trimmed with "sad-coloured silk," in commemoration of the purple robe worn by our Saviour, are assumed. Sitting at Nisi Prius, a plain black silk



gown is worn; and attending the queen, or "Parliament House," swearing in the Lord Mayor of London, on most saints' days, and when trying prisoners on circuit, the scarlet robes are worn.

The "full" ermine robes are very heavy and inconvenient. The judge, divested of his coat and vest, first buttons himself in a close scarlet jacket; he then puts on a long scarlet gown, with hanging sleeves, trimmed in front to the feet with ermine, and with gigantic ermine cuffs. Over this comes the black silk stole, precisely like a clergyman's, only larger; this is supposed to indicate his power in trying ecclesiastical causes. He is then girdled with a wide silk girdle, and over his shoulders is thrown the hood, about which there is a good deal of curious lore in Dugdale. The hood covers the whole of the chest with scarlet cloth, and hangs behind (much like a clergyman's) as a great bag of ermine, with a long and wide red tail attached to it. In church, and on certain other occasions, this ermine bag is pinned up on the right shoulder, in court on the left; but so extremely complicated are the rules about this that the carrying out of them has long been given up as a bad job, and the judge's valet now contents himself with allowing the ermine to hang down the centre of the judge's back.

Sometimes, instead of the hood, the serjeant's tip-pet is used. This is a most curious relic of antiquity, precisely the shape and size of a very long cloth gun-case. It is worn hooked in a very peculiar manner on the right shoulder, the thick part hanging down behind, and the long and thin portion reaching to the knees in front. The serjeants-at-law in ancient times were mostly old men, and they and the judges had this curious appendage added to their dress in order that they might, when riding circuit, wind it round their necks to protect them from the cold.

Over the hood, on state occasions, and always when visiting a cathedral, the judge is invested in his *mantle*, a thick heavy mass of scarlet and ermine, hooked round the neck, open in front, and forming a wide and long sheet of unsullied ermine behind. The mantle is the grandest and most beautiful adornment of the judges, and both as a mantle—which none but peers and members of the higher orders of knighthood are strictly entitled to wear—and from its material, ermine, is indicative of the high rank and sovereign power of its wearer. White cambric bands, full-bottomed wig, with coif on the top, the black cap, of which we have more to say presently, complete the *tout ensemble*, unless it be a Lord Chief Justice or Baron who is arrayed, and those high functionaries wear over all the beautiful gold collar of SS.

These collars are generally purchased by the chiefs from their predecessors; their value is from £280 to £350 each. The collar worn by the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas has been handed down from the time of Elizabeth. Those in the Queen's Bench and Exchequer are modern. Upon the resignation of the late Lord Chief Baron Pollock that judge declined to sell his collar. He had it taken to pieces, and the links, which consist alternately of a portcullis, a rose, a true lover's knot, and entwined SS's, were made into brooches for his numerous family.

We are not aware when the black silk gown came into use. In old paintings and engravings the judges are always represented in their ancient dress, whether conducting criminal or civil business, but for one hundred or one hundred and fifty years past civil business is always transacted in a silk gown and tie wig.

We have alluded to the black cap, which, together with the three-cornered Nisi Prius hat, forms the head covering of the judges. The latter is only worn during the opening of the commission at Assize towns. It is placed by the judge upon his head while the commission is read, and raised at each mention of his name. At all other times he carries it in his hand as an ornament. It is by no means an ancient portion of judicial dress.

The "black cap" is much more interesting. It is a cap known to the learned by the name of the "Erasmus cap," that great man being generally depicted as wearing it. Our readers may gain a pretty good notion of its shape, size, and appearance, by imagining an ordinary college or grammar-school "mortar-board" deprived of every vestige of its *stiffening*, and with the front of the cap which covers the forehead cut away. This black cap is of very high antiquity. It is an emblem, of course, of the judge's great judicial dignity and importance, he being entitled to be covered, even under the most solemn circumstances, and in the presence of the Sovereign herself. It is worn when in presence of the Sovereign, at her coronation, and in her courts. The writer well remembers the surprise and almost amusement exhibited by our beloved Queen when, visiting the Court of Exchequer with the late Prince Consort many years since, all five Barons solemnly put on their black caps, and remained thus covered until her departure.

The Lord Mayor of London must feel a peculiar sensation when appearing on the 9th of November, first in the Exchequer Division, to be "sworn in," and afterwards in the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas Divisions, to invite the judges to his Guildhall inauguration banquet, all the judges assume their caps upon his entrance into court, and only remove them when he departs.

It was formerly the custom to put on the cap as soon as the sheriff's chaplain commenced his Assize sermon at the circuit town, and to wear it until the discourse was ended. The late Baron Alderson was the last judge who observed this formality.

It is etiquette for a judge *always* to have his black cap when wearing his scarlet robes; formerly it was tucked into the judicial girdle; it is now invariably carried in the hand.

When the judges attended at the funeral of William IV at midnight in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, there were grievous complaints next morning of gouty and rheumatic pains the sages of the law experienced through kneeling during part of the service on the cold marble floor. The late Mr. Justice Maule congratulated himself on having *knelt on his folded black cap*, and upon so having, by his prudent conduct, escaped all ill effects.

In olden times the Lord Chief Justices always wore their black caps when robed, the *puisné* judges being covered with their coifs alone. A good illustration of this is given in the well-known and beautiful engraving of Mary Bunyan (at the judges' lodgings, Bedford) interceding for her immortal husband. Lord Chief Justice Hale wears his cap, and his brother judge his coif alone.

We need scarcely add that the most solemn occasion when the black cap is assumed is whilst passing sentence of death. Immediately after the clerk of the Crown has "called upon the prisoner" to know "why judgment of death should not be passed upon him to die according to law," the judge solemnly

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places the cap upon his wig, and proceeds with his sad duty.\*

The black cap is not worn in continental countries. In most of these the judges wear hats generally of the form known as the "biretta," only somewhat higher, stiffened with cardboard internally, and invariably black.

We may remark also that some few judges would never assume the black cap at all. The late Lords Chief Justices Denman and Jervis are well-known instances.

When a judge goes into mourning, his girdle, stole, and the edges of his hat are all covered with crape, and his bands, instead of having the edges alone doubled, so as to appear whiter than the rest, have a *third* bar, or duplicature, down the middle. These "mourning bands" are common to all barristers. In addition to this, if sitting at Nisi Prius, the cuffs of the sleeves of the Bar coat are covered with muslin envelopes, called weepers. The judges have always been very averse from procuring new robes. However worn or dirty the original robes are, new ones are never purchased, not so much we imagine because of their expense, but on account of some imagined virtue in the old. The late Baron Parke wore his original robes twenty-seven years, and when it is recollected that the black set were worn continuously daily during all the Winter Terms and outsittings, their condition may be better imagined than described. Every trace of fur had long departed from the ermine, and the skin itself was a mass of dirt and ink spots. It frequently amused the Bar and bystanders to see the old man raise his arm in the excitement of legal debate, and state, in a stereotyped form of his own, "that while he sat on the bench, he trusted he should *always preserve the judicial ermine unspotted!*" All the skirt of his robe had gradually grown thinner and thinner, and at last departed, being mended from time to time with bombazine and the like material; and as he stood one sunny day in the antechamber of the Court of Exchequer, the late facetious Justice Maule, pointing towards him, exclaimed to the other judges,

"Dark with excessive light his skirts appear."

His black cap was in a similar condition to his robes, and from beneath it he had condemned to death no fewer than two hundred and thirty-four prisoners! Many of these were for horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, and similar then capital offences, the perpetrators being subsequently pardoned, but over one hundred were actually executed.

Our sketch about judicial costume would not be complete without a few words on the subject of wigs.

The present "full-bottom" wigs came into vogue in the reign of George I, before which time judges and serjeants-at-law wore on their heads black skull-caps, bordered with white silk or white cambric, called "coifs," which were used partly for the sake of warmth, and partly to conceal the "tonsure," which most of the serjeants, being priests, had, and which priestly adornment could not be exhibited in conducting a civil suit, and the "apprentices," by which name the "outer," "utter," or "junior" barristers were designated, either wore their own hair or perriwigs the colour of their natural hair.

But though the full-bottom wig was certainly covering enough, and to spare, for the judges and serjeants, the coif was still deemed indispensable, and as no ordinary skull-cap could cover the gigantic wig, the coif at once dwindled down to a flat piece of black silk, the size of a five-shilling piece, edged with a muslin frilling; and this adornment, pinned on to the judge's wig by the Chief of the Court of which he was a member, is still used by all judges appointed before the passing of the Judicature Act, 1875, which Act swept away the old custom of appointing serjeants, and removed coif and serjeants' tippet from all future judges. The very peculiar appearance of this little silk patch, buried amidst the horsehair of the judicial wig, may be illustrated by an incident which occurred before the late Mr. Justice Willes. Two soldiers, being tried for robbery before him, made some extremely humorous remarks, one of which so tickled the learned judge that he suddenly bent his head over his note-book to conceal his laughter. The moment his coif became visible, from his position, to the prisoners before him, one of them exclaimed, with apparent astonishment, "Hallo, Bill! what's that hole on the top of the old beak's head?" "Oh," growled out the other, "why it's the hole where the old beggar's brains have gone out of, to be sure!"

The full-bottom wig was found, after some years, to be peculiarly cumbersome and heavy, and the practice arose of wearing tye wigs, which bore the same relation to full-bottom that knickerbockers bear to trousers, or a jacket to a coat. The full-bottom is now only worn in presence of the Sovereign, in charging the grand jury, and on a few other solemn occasions. These wigs, until recently, were made of thin horsehair, plentifully greased, and powdered thickly with flour. They required to be greased, curled, and powdered every week or fortnight, and soon got into a dirty and offensive condition if neglected. Latterly, patent wigs have been in use, made of thick white horsehair, and these are much preferred, as they are light, clean, and cheap, require no dressing, and their wearers are not called upon to pay hair-powder duty to the Inland Revenue. The old wig, however, with its greasy and floury accessories, still maintains its sway with a considerable portion of the English Bench and Bar.

So much for the costume of the judges. It is still kept up with great strictness, and their lordships also insist, with much pertinacity, on the Bar keeping up their official dress also. If a barrister, through hurry or accident, attempts without wig or gown to address the Court, he is met by the invariable remark from the presiding judge, "Mr. —, I regret I cannot see you." We remember an admirable ex-judge, still living, who came very late at night into Court, during the Assizes, to receive a verdict from a locked-up jury. He had hastily walked from the lodgings in ordinary evening dress, and at the Bar table stood the prisoner's counsel, also unadorned with wig and gown. After the verdict, the learned counsel was commencing an address to the judge, when came the invariable formula, "Mr. —, I am afraid I cannot see you." "I am afraid," quietly observed the advocate, "that I have a similar defect in sight to your lordship!" The judge, with a smile, motioned him to proceed. His lordship, in his anxiety to preserve decorum at the Bar, had entirely forgotten that he himself was without his own more distinguished attire.

\* The reader curious in coifs, caps, and head-dresses, will find a rich collection of all such in the valuable collection of portraits of ancient divines, judges, and others, adorning the walls of the library of the Nonconformist Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street, a collection of paintings well deserving a visit.

## THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

DURING the meeting of the British Archaeological Association this autumn a visit was made to Plas Newydd, once the residence of the eccentric "Ladies of Llangollen." Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, a member of the noble house of Ponsonby, first came to Llangollen in 1779, and lived there, for the most part in great seclusion, until their respective deaths in 1829 and 1831. Lieutenant-General Yorke, one of the Vice-Presidents of the meeting and present possessor of the property, received the president, Sir Watkin Wynn, and members, and conducted them through the small though well-filled rooms of the cottage, which are rich in a goodly collection of antiquities of a mixed character, with many grotesque objects carved in wood and stone, curiously arranged in the doors and walls both inside and outside the building. Most of these were collected and placed *in situ* by the celebrated ladies themselves, although the present proprietor has added largely to the collection of antiquities and other works of art, and notably by some clever carvings of his own, in ivory and oak.

The romantic story of the ladies of Llangollen is familiar to all tourists in Wales, and is sometimes referred to in wider history. But as we have many readers in many lands who may never have seen a Welsh guide-book, the narrative is worth repeating. We give it in the words of an American, who, under the well-known signature of "Irenæus," tells the romantic story to a new generation of readers in the columns of the "New York Observer."

Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby were Irish young ladies of rank and beauty, who loved each other with an affection so true that they could never bear the idea of the separation which the marriage of either would necessitate. They therefore resolved on lives of celibacy, and, refusing many handsome offers, fled from home. They were, however, overtaken and brought back to their respective relations. Many attempts were made to draw Lady Eleanor into marriage, but all were in vain. In a short time the ladies eloped again, each having a small sum with her; and it is said that, although Lady Eleanor arrived at Llangollen in the natural aspect of a pretty girl, Miss Ponsonby accompanied her in the guise of a smart footman, in top boots and buckskin breeches. It was about the year 1778 when these errant ladies visited this charming locality. While rambling about, their eyes rested on a gentle eminence near the village, and there they resolved to fix their abode. They accordingly purchased the estate, built a new cottage on the site of the old one, laid out gardens, pleasure grounds, rural walks, and bridges, by which they might enjoy the natural charms of this picturesque retreat. Their mode of life being very singular, and their costume still more so, they soon became noticed by the many travellers who passed through North Wales. The celebrated comedian, Charles Mathews, thus describes their appearance:—"As they are seated, there is not one point to distinguish them from men; the dresses and powdering of the hair, their well-starched neckcloths, the upper part of their habits (which they always wear, even at a dinner party) made precisely like men's coats, with regular black

beaver hats, everything contributing to this semblance. To crown all, they had crop heads, which were rough, bushy, and white as snow."

Plas Newydd, the name of their cottage, was built at the end of a field called the *Maes*, and was therefore called *Penymaes*—the end of the *Maes*. The ladies were, according to their means, charitable to the aged, sick, and infirm, and had been taught, by wisdom and experience, that the best way to help the poor labourer was by giving him employment. Although their farm had only thirteen acres of land—four of their own, and nine held as tenants—they kept a carpenter, a cowman, a man for all work on the farm, and in the hay-harvest an additional number of men and poor women; with two ladies'-maids and three female servants in the house. By the help of these male hands, they made every inch of ground productive, and every hedge-fence and walk pleasant to the sight—well answering their end—and the house healthy, orderly, and comfortable.

Miss Seward says of the "ladies":—

"Lady Eleanor is of middle height, and somewhat beyond the *enbonpoint* as to plumpness; her face round and fair, with the glow of luxuriant health. She has not fine features, but they are agreeable; enthusiasm in her eye, hilarity and benevolence in her smile. Exhaustless is her fund of historic and traditional knowledge, and of everything passing in the present eventful period. She expresses all she feels with an ingenuous ardour. I am informed that both these ladies read and speak most of the modern languages. Of the Italian poets, especially of Dante, they are warm admirers. Miss Ponsonby, somewhat taller than her friend, is neither slender nor otherwise, but very graceful. Easy, elegant, yet pensive, is her address and manner. A face rather long than round, a complexion clear but without bloom, with a countenance which, from its soft melancholy, has a peculiar interest. If her features are not beautiful, they are very sweet and feminine. Though the pensive spirit within permits not her lovely dimples to give mirth to her smile, they increase its sweetness, and, consequently, her power of engaging the affections. We see, through her veil of reserve, that all the talents and accomplishments which enrich the mind of Lady Eleanor exist, with equal power, in this her charming friend."

The celebrated Madame de Genlis has the following narrative of "The Recluses of Llangollen":—

"During my residence in England, nothing struck me so much as the delicious village of Llangollen, in North Wales. This place has not the rich appearance of the English villages in general, but nothing can equal the cleanliness of the houses, and among the lower classes of any country this is an infallible proof of abundance.

"We were received with a grace, a cordiality and kindness, of which it would be impossible for me to give any idea. I perceived nothing of that vanity which takes notice of the surprise of others. Their mutual attachment, and their whole conduct, evince such simplicity, that astonishment soon gives way to softer emotions; all they do and say breathes the utmost frankness and sincerity. One circumstance which I cannot help remarking is, that after living so many years in this sequestered retreat they speak French

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with equal fluency and purity. . . . An excellent library, composed of the best English, French, and Italian authors, affords them an inexhaustible source of diversified amusement and solid occupation; for reading is not truly profitable except when a person has time to read again.

"The interior of the house is delightful on account of the just proportion and distribution of the apartments, the elegance of the ornaments and furniture, and the admirable view which you enjoy from all the windows; the drawing-room is adorned with charming landscapes, drawn and coloured from nature, by Miss Ponsonby. Lady Eleanor is a great proficient in music; and their solitary habitation is filled with embroidery, by them both, of wonderful execution. Miss Ponsonby, who writes the finest hand I ever saw, has copied a number of select pieces in verse and prose, which she has ornamented with vignettes and arabesques, in the best taste, and which form a most valuable collection. Thus the arts are cultivated there with equal modesty and success, and their productions are admired with a feeling that is not experienced elsewhere; the spectator observes with delight that so much merit is secure in this peaceful retreat from the shafts of satire and envy."

There are several little reminiscences of the ladies of Penymaes to be gleaned from the few remaining old residents, such as their habit of distributing sixpenny pieces on Sunday mornings on their way to church, which was always down Butler's Hill and along Church Street to the gate which formerly stood in the same street. Their influence was considered paramount, and very solicitous were the labouring classes and tradespeople for their patronage and countenance. During hay-harvest, the poor women of the village were wont to scrape a few pence for the purpose of buying a quart of beer for the mowers in the ladies' field, for the sake of their certain acknowledgment, and thereby causing a superfluity of drink to run during the ladies' harvest. The poor cottage gardeners of the neighbourhood used to vie with each other in being the first in tendering their earliest and finest vegetables to the ladies. The working tradesmen of the town would leave any work unfinished to attend to the building and other tastes of Miss Ponsonby.

They were deemed all-powerful intercessors with the magistracy and government. Many a mother has stood, twirling her apron, at that dark threshold, whilst recounting her sorrowful tale about her Will or Tom having got into a scrape, and consequent durance, and had her burden lightened by the sympathetic countenance of Lady Eleanor, being at the same time edified by the wholesome advice of Miss Ponsonby. Fancy recalls her lightened step and brightened face, as she turned away with the much-desired promise of their advocacy. Their influence proved sufficient to save the life of one young man, who had been sentenced to death for forgery. Their qualities were such that their whole lives were spent in performing worthy deeds. Good actions, like sweet herbs, have a retentive perfume. May their memory be long cherished as virtuous exponents of that paternal and sympathetic life of the upper order which knits class to class, and has a strong refining influence on the poor and lowly.

On June 2nd, 1829, death severed the faithful friendship which had existed for so many years between the eccentric residents at Plas Newydd, by

removing from this earthly scene Lady Eleanor Butler, who had attained the advanced age of ninety. On December 9th, 1831, Miss Ponsonby also died. They are both buried in the churchyard of Llangollen, where a stone monument is erected to their memory. On this record of mortality are inserted the following memorials:—

"Sacred to the memory of the Right Honourable Lady ELEANOR CHARLOTTE BUTLER, late of Plas Newydd, in this parish, deceased 2nd June, 1829, aged 90 years; daughter of the sixteenth, sister of the seventeenth, Earls of Ormonde and Ossory; aunt to the late and to the present Marquess of Ormonde.

"Endeared to her friends by an almost unequalled excellence of heart, and by manners worthy of her illustrious birth, the admiration and delight of a very numerous acquaintance from a brilliant vivacity of mind undiminished to the latest period of her prolonged existence. Her amiable condescension and benevolence secured the grateful attachment of those by whom they had been so long and so extensively experienced. Her various perfections, crowned by the most pious and cheerful submission to the Divine will, can only be appreciated where it is humbly believed they are *now* enjoying their eternal reward, and by her of whom for more than fifty years they constituted that happiness which, through our blessed Redeemer, she trusts will be renewed when THIS TOMB shall have closed over its *latest tenant*.

"Sorrow not as others who have no hope." 1 Thess., chap. 4, v. 13.

"SARAH PONSONBY departed this life on the 9th December, 1831, aged 76.

"She did not long survive her beloved companion, Lady Eleanor Butler, with whom she had lived in this valley for more than half a century of uninterrupted friendship, 'But they shall no more return to their house, neither shall their place know them any more.' Job, chap. 7, v. 10.

"Reader, pause for a moment and reflect, not on the uncertainty of human life, but upon the certainty of its termination, and take comfort from the assurance that 'As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.' Heb. chap. 9, v. 27, 28."

On the same tombstone is also the following inscription, to the memory of a faithful servant, who accompanied "the ladies" from Ireland:—

"In memory of Mrs. MARY CARRYL, deceased 22nd November, 1809.

"This monument is erected by Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, of Plas Newydd, in this parish.

"Released from earth and all its transient woes,  
She whose remains beneath this Stone repose,  
Steadfast in faith resigned her parting breath,  
Looked up with Christian joy and smiled in death.  
Patient, industrious, faithful, generous, kind,  
Her conduct left the proudest far behind;  
Her virtues dignified her humble birth,  
And raised her mind above this sordid earth.  
Attachment (sacred bond of grateful breasts)  
Extinguished but with life, this Tomb attests,  
Reared by two friends, who will her loss bemoan,  
Till with her ashes, here, shall rest their own."

It is probably impossible to find in written history a more remarkable instance of affection between two

women, their virtues commanding the admiration of all the good, and their long lives being spent in cheerful usefulness and social enjoyment, although they chose to be in comparative seclusion. By birth, education, and association allied to the most respectable circles of society, they chose to spend their days with each other in their own house. That they never quarrelled and separated is wonderful, and was probably owing to the fact that Lady Eleanor kept the purse. They lived and died in peace, and I find their names to be still held in pleasant memory.

It is more than half a century since Wordsworth embalmed them in familiar verse:—

To the Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Miss Ponsenby,

Composed in the grounds of Plas Newydd, near Llangollen, 1824.

A stream to mingle with your favourite Dee,  
Along the Vale of Meditation flows;  
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see  
In Nature's face the expression of repose;  
Or haply there some pious hermit chose  
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;  
To whom the wild sequestered region owes,  
At this late day, its sanctifying name,  
Glyn Caffallgaroch, in the Cambrian tongue.  
In ours the Vale of Friendship, let this spot  
Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed cot  
On Deva's banks ye have abode so long;  
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,  
Even on this earth, above the reach of time!

#### THE BOTALLACK MINE.

**B**OTALLACK is one of the lions of Cornwall. It might have been imagined that the desire of gain itself would have stopped short at the brink of the tremendous cliffs which here bound the Atlantic; but neither the sublime nor the picturesque hinders the miner. The mighty rocks have been scarped to form pathways, still filling the passenger with awe; and the petty-looking rods of the steam-engine creak strangely amidst the thunder of the billows and spray of the angry sea. The engine throws its arms like a gigantic cuttle-fish down over the cliffs, and appears to bury its tentacles beneath the waves. Looking seaward, you perceive the fragments of two parallel lines of rock, separated by a few feet, running out westward. The included space, technically the vein-stuff, has been washed away. This is the main lode of the mine. You have here the opportunity of seeing how, as an open fissure, it traverses the rocks in a straight line, with inclined sides. The principal course of ore is in the fissure, and for its extraction, and to follow the ore in the side-veins which fall into it, the works have been carried from the depths of the land out under the depths of the sea. The 115 fathom level has been driven 384 fathoms seaward from the shore. Nor is this a singular instance. At Wheal Margary, in St. Ives, the 120 fathom level runs 121 fathoms from the shore, and at Levant the 150 fathom level extends 299 fathoms beneath the sea. Knochmahon mines, in Ireland, are also worked beneath the sea; but Botallack still carries off the palm for extent of submarine burrowing. In the Whitehaven coal-mines, worked beneath the sea for one and a quarter

miles, a lamentable disaster occurred in 1837. The ocean burst in and drowned thirty-seven of the poor colliers, and ruined the works. The Irish submarine works, too, have not been without their perils. In April, 1840, the imprudent removal of a prop caused many thousand tons of rubbish to fall over Michael Walsh, of Bonmahon, one of several miners engaged at the sixty-six fathom level, beneath the sea. Although little or no hope of his safety remained, a strong party was instantly employed, as well to extricate the body that it might be decently buried, as to reopen the drift and repair the damage. After the men had worked some twenty-four hours, however, they were astonished to hear the voice of their lost comrade, who was shut in by masses of the fallen rocks. He told them that his knees almost touched his chin, that salt water had risen nearly to his mouth, and that he had eaten his last candle. Relays of the ablest workmen were immediately told off for the duty, but, from the narrowness of the level, more than one of them was seldom able to work at a time. Notwithstanding the displacement of every stone occasioned some, and often dangerous, movement in the mass, men were bold enough to worm themselves through the crevices, but they were unable to reach him. Before the lapse of a second day, therefore, it was evident that there was no hope of his immediate rescue, and at intervals he became delirious. About this time an English Churchman present suggested that the sufferer might probably be comforted by a visit from his clergyman. This hint was at once reported to the Reverend James Power, Roman Catholic priest of the parish, who, without hesitation, descended the mine and administered the consolations of religion (after the Roman usage) to him as he lay. Some hours later the work had so far advanced that small quantities of food were occasionally passed to him, through openings between the stones, and about the end of the third day he was set free. His limbs, of course, were cramped from the straitened position in which he had been confined, he was benumbed by long immersion, and weak from fasting, but otherwise he was unhurt. A weary time passed before his recollection returned, and he recovered his strength slowly. He never resumed his place underground, but he was still (in 1868) employed in light jobs at the surface.

Botallack has many points of interest. The adventurous traveller may descend, enter the drifts, pass under the sea, and hear, even in fair weather, the rumble of the breakers and the crash and grind of pebbles above his head.

About forty fathoms below the sea a spring of fresh water appeared, but the further workings cut it off. Eels thrive in the brackish subterranean waters of the mine. The works are on the junction of granite and slate. Several lodes yield tin in the former and copper in the latter. It has been a profitable as well as adventurous undertaking. From 1802 to 1836 it was worked by five proprietors, at a profit of £34,000; from 1836 to 1865 it yielded in dividends £102,150. Mr. Henwood, the veteran practical philosopher of West Cornwall, writes that he was once underground at Botallack during a storm:—"At the extremity of the level seaward, some eighty or one hundred fathoms from the shore, little could be heard of its effects, except at intervals, when the reflux of some unusually large wave projected a pebble outward, bounding and rolling over the rocky bottom; but when standing beneath the

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base of the cliff, and in that part of the mine where but nine feet of rock stood between us and the ocean, the heavy roll of the larger boulders, the ceaseless grinding of the pebbles, the fierce thundering of the billows, with the crackling and boiling as they rebounded, placed a tempest in its most appalling form too vividly before me to be ever forgotten. More than once doubting the protection of our rocky shield, we retreated in affright, and it was only after repeated trials that we had confidence to pursue our investigations."

In this mine the ore has been excavated upwards, so near to the bottom of the sea that the water has entered. A small plug, however, says the same author, sufficed to protect the workmen from the consequences of their rashness.

Mining under the sea might be characterised as the pursuit of treasure under difficulties. But it is really not so. Habit familiarises the miner with the specialities of his work, and it is not more difficult or costly to work, and get men to work, here, than at any other mine.



ENTRANCE TO THE BOTALLACK MINE.

## SPIRITUALISM.

17.

IT was reserved for France to first make the spiritual impostors amenable to the chastening influence of the law. This occurred in the trial and conviction of the spirit photographers at Paris in June, 1875. There are several methods by which forms may be made to appear by the side of the sitter, though the glass upon which the negative is taken shall be perfectly clear. One way of accomplishing this is technically termed "double exposure." Here two negatives are employed, one for the "subject," the other for the ghostly form, and in printing from both the desired effect is obtained. A more scientific and accurate mode of attaining the end is found in bisulphate of quinine, which, like other fluorescent substances, has the power of altering the refrangibility of the violet

or chemical rays of light. Dr. Gladstone, F.R.S., has tested this by painting a pattern upon paper with the bisulphate. Though quite invisible previously, when photographed it came out in black lines. Thus your spirit photographer has simply to prepare his white screen, and he can put a man's guardian angel at his back in a sixpenny photo. without the sitter being any wiser as to how it came there.

England, which had burned or drowned its thousands of poor demented creatures as witches in the past, and retained the terrors of the law for the vagabond "fortune-teller" of the present—mumbling over and fumbling her pack of cards—had, until recently, overlooked the doings of those a step higher in the mysterious mummary of the occult.

Several untoward events, leading to unpleasant exposures, had rendered it highly necessary that something should be done by interested wire-pullers in this country to free the character of the spiritual movement from the suspicions engendered even in the minds of old spiritualists by the revelations of trickery and deception practised by so many who had been previously accepted as shining lights amongst the media. Nearly every English medium was under a cloud; so, scanning the mediumistic horizon with anxious eyes, what so natural for the leaders of the movement as to turn to the West, the birthplace of this and so many other "notions"? And one man there seemed marked out by fate to raise up the "Pantheon" from the grievous state into which it had fallen. This man was "Dr." Slade, of New York.

The specialty of the "Dr." was that he did not require darkness for his evidences of the power of the spirits, though, like Home, he had found it useful aforetime. Spiritualists were wearied of the constant sameness and tricks of the manifestations, and it had come to such a pass that even Mr. Home had pathetically exclaimed: "Is our cause in its entirety made up of legerdemain, accomplished under cover of darkness on credulous dupes, and of impostors ever on the watch to entrap such dupes—in short, of knavery and folly mixed, as it pleases fate?"

So "Dr." Slade, whose spirits came in open day, was to regenerate the decrepit faith. But he could not entirely dispense with appliances to prevent curious persons prying into the secrets of the spirits, and though he had no suspicious screens, curtains, or cabinets, he must need have a table—specially made for the purpose, and constructed as no other table ever was—which conveniently answered the purpose.

With common slate and pencil, *held under the table*—for the shade, of course!—this new wizard wooed his spirits, who came trooping to give inane messages, in very bad handwriting, to the curious, the sceptical, and the faithful alike, for the benefit of the medium. Not finding so many difficulties in the way as there are in "materialisation," the "Dr." had no excuses to make for the spirits, as they always attended promptly at his command; but visitors' hands were still engaged, by getting the sitters to assist in holding the slate beneath the board.

It is too near the event to make it needful to do more than briefly indicate a few of the peculiarities of "spirit-power" brought out in evidence on the Slade case. It had been noticed, it seems, that Slade always occupied the same position at the table, putting the sitter to the disadvantage of having the light in his eyes; that there were movements of the "Dr.'s" wrist during the writing of the spirits (though this was glibly accounted for by the fact of the "power" passing down his arm!); that messages came sometimes from persons still in the flesh, or when the bit of pencil, subjected to microscopic examination afterwards, had been found guiltless of doing any writing, being rough and jagged, as when bitten off by the teeth of the medium; that messages of a personal character never came unless Slade's discreet "manager," Mr. Simmonds, could manage to worm a family name or two beforehand in the anteroom from the "Dr.'s" visitors; that the spirits would refuse to write upon a locked slate or two slates screwed together, though not always declining to do so upon a folding one; and that a chair which

had the usual spiritual accomplishment of jumping was ever placed on exactly the same spot, to receive the kick, or what not, that set it moving. All these, and many other facts, came out on the trial. Bells which were said to "leap" across the table only did so when persons of weak sight were present; and no one but the true believers could speak with any certainty as to the spirit hands which occasionally pulled a dress or twitched a trouser from underneath the table. These spirit touches might just as easily have been managed by the "Dr.'s" toes—not necessarily enveloped in the delicate silk stockings seen upon other parts of his feet—quickly slipped out of his "pumps."

Slade never performed the marvels in England that were ascribed to him in America. One of his latest performances before leaving that country was the production of writing inside a screwed-up double slate, *while the visitor sat upon it!* We read of a gentleman who has seen a slate carefully cleaned, and placed upon the middle of a table, with the usual fragment of pencil underneath; scratching sounds were heard, and the message found upon the slate immediately after, though the medium sat four feet off, with his hands raised and in view.

In London the well-attested accounts go to prove that the slate was always placed *beneath* the table, no one being allowed to look there during the manifestations; and when the modern Cagliostro drew it from that shade so necessary to the spirits, writing was found upon it purporting to come from some departed relative or friend of the sitter's, or from the "Dr.'s" deceased wife, "A. W. Slade" ("Allie"). To one gentleman Slade declared that the spirits could not manifest with more than two persons besides himself in the room, even the presence of a dog weakening the "power;" yet we find it recorded in a spiritualistic newspaper that writing has been obtained while *five* persons sat with the medium. Is this true? If so, did "Dr." Slade suggest that upon the occasion when he retailed his wonders to the five persons, three out of that number were lower in the scale of intelligence than our canine friends! This would indeed make what Professor Crookes once wrote true after all: "The reasoning of some spiritualists would almost seem to justify Faraday's severe statement—that many dogs have the power of coming to more logical conclusions."

The messages vouchsafed, too, were wretched compositions, often grossly inaccurate. "I am Dr. John Forbes," ran one of these productions, "I was the Queen's physician. God bless you. J. Forbes;" but the fact was that Dr. Forbes never held that appointment. Whether such communications ever came from the spirits or not, it is quite certain that "Dr." Slade, one fine morning, fearful, perhaps, that the power of his spirits would fail him if once within the walls of a prison, passed from the heated atmosphere of a court of law to the serener air of the Hague, whence he is willing to return if only his wicked enemies will cease from troubling him. Slade was unkind to his English patrons in only producing a portion of his *repertoire*; he was master of sufficient tricks to set up as a third-rate conjuror any day! Could he not play upon an accordion with one hand? and was not the selected air usually "Home, sweet home!" in memory, perhaps, of a brother "professional," who, happily, retired before the days of "persecution" set in? He had spirits, too, obedient to his command, whom

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he does not appear to have brought with him over the seas. These could present "faces" through a hole some twelve inches square made in a curtain of black calico hung upon a string; faces so unlike humanity that spiritualists were driven to the necessity of allowing them to be "veritable masks" which the spirits brought to his *séances*!

With a limited knowledge of juggling, Slade had at one time combined the curative art, and practised as a "clairvoyant physician," bestowing upon himself the title of "Dr."

Though English justice failed to punish this practitioner, it subsequently asserted the equality of all "rogues and vagabonds" before the law, and has sentenced two persons who had elected to obtain money by false pretences, and delude the unwary, "by palmistry or otherwise," to terms of imprisonment. The spirit guides in these cases did not lead their servants out of jail. One of the mediums managed to drag a broomstick into his cell, and wished to foist that trick upon the warders as evidence of spirit-power; but he could not fly away upon it, which would have been much more conclusive, though he had formerly been carried forty-two miles through the air (so he declared) without the aid of one!

With the Slade case commenced a new era for the hucksters of the ultra-mundane, and let us hope its issue, though far from satisfactory, and the later trials of Monck and Lawrence, will leave a salutary lesson imprinted upon the minds of the ghost-raisers, whether of home or foreign growth.

We have alluded, in our first article, to science in connection with this American epidemic, the "phenomena" of which are very generally discredited by those scientific men who have inquired into the matter, and what little groundwork there is for the supposed medium-power has been recognised as the "exalted" state of nervous disease, or the clairvoyant or mesmeric condition. Table-rapping, the oldest of the amusements attributed to the spirits, is doubtless produced in many ways, without trenching upon the supernatural. The raps are said to vary in sound and volume, from the twittering of birds to the booming of cannon (what a pleasant neighbour a medium with the latter class of the phenomena must be!), but the more ordinary kind are accounted for by Dr. Schiff's theory of the continued displacement of the *peroneus longus* muscle of the leg, by which such sounds can be produced. Mrs. Norman Culver, related by marriage to the Fox girls, made a deposition to the effect that Catherine had confided to her the manner in which her sister and self got the raps. These "echoes from the unseen world" were, it seems, the cracking of the toe joints! Mrs. Culver's statement has been, very naturally, repudiated by Kate Fox (now Mrs. Jencken), and it may not be true that she and her sister ever did get raps so; but Mrs. Culver demonstrated the practicability of the toe-joint theory.

Table-turning in its spiritual aspect was demolished by Professor Faraday, who invented an indicator proving the movements to be due to involuntary muscular action. He has described this simple yet effective apparatus\* as "consisting of a light lever, having its fulcrum on the table, its short arm attached to a pin fixed on a cardboard, which could slip on the surface of the table, and its long arm projecting

as an index of motion. It is evident that if the experimenter willed the table to move towards the left, and it did so move *before* the hands placed at the time on the cardboard, then the index would move to the left also, the fulcrum going with the table. If the hands involuntarily moved towards the left *without* the table, the index would go towards the right; and if neither table nor hands moved, the index would itself remain immovable. The result was that, when the parties saw the index, it remained very steady; when it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it wavered about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downwards; and when the table did not move, there was still a resultant of hand force in the direction in which it was wished the table should move, which, however, was exercised quite unwittingly by the party operating. This resultant it is which, in the course of the waiting time, while the fingers and hands become stiff, numb, and insensible, by continued pressing, grows up to an amount sufficient to move the table, or the substance pressed upon. But the most valuable effect of this test apparatus (which was afterwards made more perfect, and independent of the table) is the corrective power it possesses over the mind of the table-turner. As soon as the index is placed before the most earnest, and they perceive—as in my presence they have always done—that it tells truly whether they are pressing downwards only or obliquely, then all effects of table-turning cease, even though the parties persevere, earnestly desiring motion, till they become weary and worn out. No prompting or checking of the hands is needed—the power is gone; and this only because the parties are made conscious of what they are really doing mechanically, and so are unable unwittingly to deceive themselves."

While science has turned its back upon the pretensions of spiritualism, within the body itself there is disruption. The Davenport Brothers,\* after fooling the followers of the new faith for twenty years, have at length declared (in a "despicable" way, say the spiritualists) that their wonders have all along been accomplished by "purely natural means;"† and numberless mediums in America (where such gifted beings swarm, and are a greater thorn in the side of all decent members of society than is the "Heathen Chinese") have recanted, and recounted the *modus operandi* of their manifestations.

Home, erst high priest of the media, discredits every medium but himself, and, though formerly a practitioner at dark *séances* (at which only anything at all wonderful was obtained through his "mediumship"), he now, as we have already seen, denounces them.

While the Davenports and such mediums are deemed "apostate"—selling "the beautiful cause" for gold—there is, on the other side, a desire to claim some who reproduce the tricks passed off upon the credulous as the work of the spirits as genuine media, who, like the brethren that have "fallen away," make a "sale and barter of their gift." The illusionists of the Egyptian Hall have thus been claimed by no inconsiderable party amongst the faithful, headed by "the father of English spiritualists," as "the best of living mediums for the production of strong physical manifestations," who

\* Since this article was written news comes from Australia of the death at Sydney of the younger brother William H. H. Davenport.

† "South Australian Advertiser," Adelaide, Dec. 13th, 1876.

\* "The Times," June 23th, 1853.



"find it more profitable to pander to the prejudices of the multitude by pretending to expose spiritualism than by honestly taking their proper place in our ranks as spiritual media."\*

The prosecutions of "the modern Galileo" ("Dr." Slade) and his compeers have made it incumbent upon the media to take a new departure, and invent other forms of spirit-power less liable to suspicion or open to detection than some we have named, though all are not enumerated here that might be included in these categories—such as the discovery of the moulds in which casts of "spirit hands" have been taken, or the apocryphal "gift of healing" claimed by so many mediums, every case of which Dr. Clark, of Edinburgh—himself a spiritualist—declares has "either turned out imposture or been greatly exaggerated."†

Spiritualism, indeed, must have a

"—— Double-fronted sorrow,  
Which looks at once before and back,  
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow"—

that morrow, if possible, darker and more dismal than the past. It must be allowed that the new belief has, like honest Dogberry, "had losses," and, in a recent circular, "for spiritualists only," we find mention of "the depressing effect which the present persecutions exert upon the cause and its servants." This is but natural; and spiritualism, through the multitudinous exposures it has gone through of late, if not at all saintly,—

"Dies every day it lives."

What the next evidence of the "power" will be who can tell? The media have run through every form of pneumatology, they have exhausted spirit worlds and imagined new ones, and their deluded clients know not into what *terra incognita* of ghost-dom they have yet to be led!

Of the believers in the doctrine we wish to speak in all charity. It is accepted by many to whose ignorance and love of the marvellous it appeals strongly; but it has also amiable, well-intentioned, and clever adherents. These latter are not less zealous than its stupid followers, and probably owe their faith to the same cause, an abnormal appetite for the wonderful.

But it is not for us to show how a few excellent men have embraced an absurd idea; enough if we have presented a few reasons why spiritualism should be put aside as worthless, a thing which, even if true, would be useless to mankind. That this is so believers themselves allow, for the communications received from those "gone, for ever and ever, by," are declared to be, in the great majority of cases, "objectless lies."‡

If it be difficult to pick out the needle of truth from this great bottle of wilful perversions, is it not more discouraging when we find craft and duplicity so enmeshed in the "phenomena" that sane believers are troubled to discern where the real "power" begins or ends? The conditions of the *séance*, which offer a premium to trickery; the known evil lives of several of the media; the many frauds actually discovered, and the offences of their authors condoned;—these are thoughts that must weigh heavily upon the

minds of such. What a faith to cling to! Built up of hysteria, electro-biology, art magic, and, not unfrequently, a little natural ditto; with a priesthood often ignorant and debased, and supposed spirits ridiculous and unreliable!

Some of the men who accept this are adverse to the teaching of the Bible; a *Christian* spiritualist is, indeed, looked upon as an absurd anomaly by a large section of this new faith, who wish, they say, "to supplant all this nonsense with knowledge, or, in the absence of that, honest, healthy ignorance, which is indeed a condition of the appetite for truth!"\* As we do not desire to make too sweeping a charge in reference to the anti-Bible tenets of English spiritualists, neither will we blame all for the free-love abomination of the United States, at one time grafted upon the faith. Such excrescences, also, as reincarnation (a modern edition of the transmigration of souls) are not shared by all the followers of spiritualism, and we but mention it with other doctrines to show the lengths to which some people will go. The fact of a man having a *double* of himself, which walks out of his body while he lies sleeping, is also gravely asserted in spiritualistic circles,† and that inanimate matter—the very stones we tread upon—have their spirits like sentient beings.‡

The proposed *Miracle Club* seems to have fallen through, or we might have more of such marvels. Spiritualism has had an eventful life of thirty years, and is well-nigh exhausted. It is a system of imposture for which no words of condemnation can be too strong, and the belief in which we must hold, with Professor Tyndall, to be "degrading."

## IN A RIVER VALLEY.

BY HENRY WALKER, F.G.S.

A RIVER VALLEY is the home of many interesting natural phenomena, even though, like the valley of the Thames, it may have a large human population settled within its borders. It is still the arena as well as the memorial of the imposing forces which sculpture the face of the earth into hill and dale. Unquestionably, some of our larger rivers in the south of England, especially the Thames, have, to use a familiar expression, "seen their best days." Compared with their former volume and velocity, and with rivers which in more elevated tracts are still sawing through gorges and excavating valleys, they seem to have fulfilled their *role* in physical geography, and to have been for a very long period in a process of decline.

Probably long before history began, the Thames had already survived the meridian of its life as a natural river. The wide valley over which the river once spread its loam and gravel no longer receives its old tribute of waters, and its dry flats of ancient alluvium, miles in width, are now the scene of human habitation and industry. Indeed the Thames of to-day, meagre as it is, would long since have disappeared but for the saving and ingenious hands of man. Carefully and niggardly the diminished but precious waters are hoarded. Remove the locks and

\* Mr. Benjamin Coleman in "The Spiritualist," Oct. 10th, 1875.

† Dr. Clark, at Meeting of the British National Association of Spiritualists (3), Nov., 1875.

‡ H. D. Jencken, Esq. barrister-at-law, Kate Fox's husband.

\* Mr. Burns, editor of "The Medium and Daybreak," in that paper, Sept. 17, 1875.

† "The Spiritualist," Feb. 9th, 1877.

‡ Dr. Adin Ballou.

weirs, and the fluvial Thames would in a few hours run itself dry. Pierce the embankment at Kew, and the river would cease to be. Wide marshes, miles in breadth, would occupy the valley, and twice a day would the salt tide raise their level but a few inches; but no navigable or continuous stream would take the place of the embanked canal we call the Thames, and not a skiff would pass along the high and dry deserted bed at London Bridge. And as with the main stream, so with its tributaries. Their wide and deserted valleys all alike tell the story of growing desuetude and former energy and achievement.

Out-door recreations in physical geography, especially amongst the features of a river valley, its rocks, its flora, and its fauna, find great favour with the field-excursion clubs in London and elsewhere. Any river valley will yield interesting and instructive characteristics, but for the sake of precision let us take a real district to which the reader can refer, or which he can visit for himself. We will describe an excursion made to Cliefden on the Thames, by the West London Scientific Association on a recent summer Saturday afternoon.

The unique bit of Thames scenery between Taplow and Cookham was well chosen for a summer afternoon's river-side ramble. The hanging woods of Cliefden, beneath which the Thames runs its rural course, are a feature of the lake-like scenery which even Cumberland and Westmoreland cannot repudiate as a rival. Such attractions, and the fineness of the weather, brought a large company down to Taplow by the 2.30 train on Saturday, to range themselves under Professor Henslow's botanical banner, whilst two of his lieutenants took charge of the geological and dredging departments of the expedition.

A short and suggestive syllabus had been drawn up, to serve as an elementary guide to observation. It was entitled, "What to observe in a River Valley." The following were some of the heads: "The river: does it run through a gorge, or is the valley a shallow trough, or a wide flat? Alluvial contents of the valley: river-gravel, loam, clay, or boulders? Through what rock is the valley excavated? What is the apparent distance across the valley from ridge to ridge? Trees and plants of the valley: 1. Alluvial and river plants; 2. Land plants; 3. Local plants; determining by the nature of the soil. Land and freshwater shells: where to look for them, how to obtain them; conditions of favourable search." The birds, insects, and amphibia were similarly noted for observation.

At Taplow the party took the high road to Maidenhead. This divergence was speedily rewarded. At the lofty railway bridge which spans the road near the Dumb-bell Inn, the cortège was stopped under the arch, and the attention of the company was called to a crowd of pendant stalactites above their heads, ornamenting the concave surface. No doubt the roof of many a Derbyshire cave yields a more brilliant spectacle, but the sight was an instructive one; these interesting phenomena were attributed to the percolation of rain-water, charged with carbonic acid, through the interstices of the lime-cemented brick-work. A little stone-throwing soon brought down a few specimens.

Each stalactite was found to be hollow. But why? The fact was thus explained: As each drop appears upon the roof and hangs for a time before falling, it is diminished by evaporation, and deposits the lime

in a ring of white film. Drop after drop succeeds, each leaving a ring of lime behind it, so that the original ring grows atom by atom into a long slender hollow tube or stalk.

At Taplow Bridge a pause was made to enjoy the view of Cliefden up the Thames, and then the party descended to the left bank of the river to commence their alluvial researches.

The collectors of land-shells began with a bed of nettles and weeds, which on a former occasion had yielded some "helices," including the girdle shell and the lapidary; but this time the cover was drawn blank, the weather being too dry for the moisture-loving mollusks. The botanists at once lit upon a plentiful growth of the lesser meadow rue (an uncommon plant in the south of England), and the neophytes were speedily collecting with great zest the flowers of the common comfrey (cream-coloured and pink), and remarking upon the scorpioid inflorescence. Nor did the sulphur-coloured flowers down the river-bank escape notice; the great amphibious yellow cress, the early yellow rocket (probably a deserter from gardens), and the (scarcely wild) horse-radish. To the dwellers in town all were welcome, and the tasteful baskets carried by the sixteen ladies of the company began to look gay with bouquets, as the great white chrysanthemum was added from the adjacent mowing grass. Better trophies were yet to come. One of the party made play in the creeks and ponds for the water-shells—the swan mussel, the painter's mussel, the "flat-coils" (like little ammonites), and other shelly denizens of pond, marsh, and river. Time did not admit of a prolonged search, and it must suffice to say that the thirty species collected on a former moist day were not equalled on this occasion.

The river scenery now became more picturesque, as Cliefden Woods confronted the visitors from the far side of the stream. The waters suddenly became gay with the great golden *fleur-de-lis*, the marsh marigold illumined the banks, and swift dragon-flies glanced like turquoise flames among the sedges; not a few of the latter, including the glittering callep-teryx and agrion puella, found their way to the chloroform bottle, and so to the entomological cabinet. Among the sedges, the following species were pointed out: the great common sedge, the hairy sedge, and the lesser common sedge.

The physical features of the valley now attracted attention. The party were collected together to hear an exposition illustrated with diagrams and maps by Mr. Woodward. The syllabus was consulted and all eyes and ears waited on the speaker. Here is a brief record of the scene and the exposition.

The valley of the Thames at Cliefden is two miles in breadth. The containing sides of the trough consist of chalk rock. The distance across the valley from slope to slope (two miles) is the breadth of the former river bed, which is now a flat for the most part below the present level of the river. The river to-day is embanked within a narrow bed of some twenty to forty yards of its former enormous breadth, leaving nearly two miles of alluvial flat unoccupied by water and appropriated to agriculture. Three terraces of gravel rise above one another in this flat, marking successive levels of the river. The rock materials found in the valley are flint gravel, loam, and marsh clay. The gravel contains drift of Glacial age and remains of reindeer and musk-sheep.

Here, then, in this broad and capacious valley at

Cleifden, is an impressive tale of physical geography. What has become of the river which excavated this wide valley, and covered it with a vast spread of loam and gravel from twenty to thirty feet in thickness? That river, with its enormously greater energy and carrying power, has all but disappeared. Whence came the great stream, which has left such memorials of itself? Whence were its great supplies of water? Are its former conditions ever likely to be restored? Will the Thames ever be resuscitated?

There would seem to be only two replies to these inquiries. To picture to ourselves the former physical conditions of the Thames at the time of its greatest energy we must, in all probability, imagine the general level of the country to be much higher than it is now. This would secure the greater rainfall. South-westerly clouds, which now pass over us, would be arrested by the higher land, and their vapours condensed into copious showers. Further, it is certain that the "catchment basin" of the Thames has been contracting its area for thousands of years, concurrently with the diminution of rainfall, thus making another deduction from the supplies which were formerly available for the river. This gradual contraction of the Thames hydrographical area is well explained in Ramsay's "Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain." The western boundary of the Thames basin has been slowly receding eastward; the basin of the Severn has been widening at the expense of the basin of the Thames. Waters which formerly fed the Thames now run off into the Bristol Channel. As the escarpment of the Oolitic rocks continues to recede eastward, the area of drainage will diminish and the Thames decrease in volume.

Such were the leading facts of our field lecture, delivered among the dragon-flies and golden irises, and within the sound of the landrail and cuckoo at Cleifden. Let us conclude by filling up a few of the items of our syllabus which are still missing.

The local plants which we found between Taplow and Cookham are characteristic of the chalk rock of the district: the clustered campanula and the green hellebore were among them. The latter is rare, and is chiefly found in the woods and thickets upon limestone and chalky soil in the south and west of England. The most notable of the plants which affect a moist soil was the blue meadow geranium, the largest and, next to the crimson species, the most showy of our "crane's-bills," and, as a wild flower, unsurpassed. The local shells were the "clausiliæ," or close-shells, and the elegant cyclostoma, or circle-mouth, a very pretty shell, with minute striations in the direction of the coils. As the result of this and a former visit to Cleifden, two of the excursionists exhibited no less than thirty species of land and fresh-water shell at a conversazione at the West London Scientific Association.

#### LONDON THEN AND NOW.

DR. PETERMANN, the eminent Gotha geographer, paid a visit to London early this year, mainly for the purpose of attending the Arctic meeting of the Geographical Society. Dr. Petermann was resident for a considerable time in London many years ago, and, we believe, left it with considerable

reluctance to take charge of the geographical department of the publishing house of Perthes. In a long letter which he wrote to the editor of the "Kölnische Zeitung" he described some aspects of the life of London and of England as they appeared to him after a long absence, and from the tone of his remarks one may infer that he still has a fond regard for our metropolis, and looks upon it as in the fore-front of all progress. He is not blind, however, to its gloomy side. In speaking of Arctic matters, he states that London is the best way to the pole; and that, to judge from the meteorological conditions during his recent visit here, a short residence in London is an excellent training for any one about to venture into the gloom and discomforts of a Polar winter. But the general tone of Dr. Petermann's observations on London is so exceedingly laudatory that Londoners ought to be ashamed to grumble any more.

"I have," he says, "this summer been in North America, and visited some of the chief centres of culture there—Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Jersey, etc., but, I can assure you that London yet stands at the summit of culture, civilisation, humanity, religion, trade, industry, commerce. Had it remained on its old standpoint, and ceased to make continued progress, then perhaps it might, at some time, be outstripped by New York; but London, England, the English, with all their conservatism, continue to make rapid progress. Since I left London, twenty-three years ago, vast changes for the better have been made. England and its heart, London, has preserved all the good points of former days, and has added new ones. London will yet be a beautiful town; the Thames, formerly not a lovely sight, has been vastly improved by its magnificent granite embankments. Everything in London has markedly improved and will continue to improve. Public life, for example, in the streets is more convenient, more free from danger, more pleasant, more refined, more decorous than formerly; the streets themselves have the best pavements and trottoirs in the world, and are being more and more improved by the substitution of wooden blocks laid upon asphalt, producing a roadway finer, smoother, and more even than formerly were the floors of many rooms. Granite refuges or standing-places, provided with gas-lamps, are everywhere to be seen in the middle of the streets for the convenience and security of the public."

Dr. Petermann thinks that the various means of transit in London are the best and most complete in the world. Omnibuses and trams, cabs and hansoms, "the later unsurpassed anywhere," halfpenny steamers on the Thames, railways below and above ground, take one everywhere inside and outside London. "The whole organisation of this place of four millions of inhabitants is something wonderful. The London public," the doctor is good enough to say, "is more refined and better behaved than formerly; a comparison between the English and the German capitals would probably not result favourably to the latter." Dr. Petermann speaks in high terms of the discipline, self-restraint, and obliging character of our police. He, however, thinks them rather badly educated, or, more strictly speaking, not remarkably learned, since he failed to perceive any London policeman at the meetings of the Geographical Society, while the gendarmes of Bonn take part in the proceedings of the Antiquarian Society of that city. England, we are told, possesses all the products of



the world in the best quality; and Dr. Petermann tells the readers of the "Kölnische Zeitung" that there is better eating and drinking than anywhere else. "Food is better prepared than before, and wine and beer are to be had of better quality here than in wine and beer countries elsewhere."

"Our social democracy," he goes on to say, "deny God, religion, and the Sunday. In England the Sunday is kept as a day for God and man, and above all for the workman. Oh! that our poor misguided Socialists would come to a place like London in order to see how honestly, industriously, punctually, vigorously, and orderly work is carried on there throughout the week, and then on Sunday comes the rest." Dr. Petermann speaks highly of our family life, and of the comforts of our houses; he speaks in terms of high praise of a well-known large hotel in the Strand, where, he says, one can live like a prince for what seems a mere trifle, and can dine at ordinary restaurants more cheaply and satisfactorily than in any other town in the world. He thinks that our system of compulsory education has already produced marked results for the better, and that English Socialism has had little or no effect on our life and progress. Altogether we ought to feel extremely gratified at praise so lavish coming from so intelligent and competent an observer and critic, and if we go on steadily grumbling and writing to the papers about all sorts of abuses, real and fancied, we may continue to keep as far ahead of any other nation as Dr. Petermann seems to think we are at present.

"We cannot help asking," says the "Times" in a leader, commenting on this report, "what Dr. Petermann would say of us had he known London, as it does not require a very old man to have known it, fifty or sixty years ago, in the days of the Regency. He would have found London considerably worse off in all that makes a city than the most backward of our provincial towns. Arriving after a long, tedious, and costly journey, probably by night, stifled inside, or frozen outside the stage coach, he would have landed on a narrow pavement, and been beset by porters, with nobody to advise him. Naming his destination, perhaps less than a mile off, he would have been placed almost by force in a large lumbering vehicle drawn by two rats of horses, and charged five shillings, possibly seven, without a chance of redress should he think the charge excessive. He would have seen a few gaslights in the streets, fewer in the shops, and nothing but small oil-lamps in the suburbs; and even in the best streets and the most fashionable shops he would not have seen a pane of glass so large as a page of this journal. He would not have seen a policeman, or anybody he could appeal to as a guardian of order and protector of foreigners. He might have seen heavily-laden coaches driving to the suburbs, now suburbs no longer, equipped as if for York or Edinburgh, but he would not have seen a cab, or omnibus, or a river steamer. Had he asked to see the famous River Thames, he would have been shown scores of acres of the filthiest mud, spanned by three ruinous and obstructive stone bridges and two iron ones, and in the midst of them the grand architectural extravagance of Waterloo Bridge, then often without a passenger on it from one end to the other. Between that and Charing Cross he would have found the chief thoroughfare of this metropolis so narrow at one point that two carriages could only just pass one another. At Charing Cross he would

have seen a timber-yard and a low public-house within a few yards of Charles I's statue, and looking northward from Piccadilly he would have seen a vast unsightly clearance through which Regent Street now runs. Had he gone far westward, he would have found a high wall on his right hand all the way to Kensington, forbidding the least glimpse of Hyde Park, and half-way would have found the road almost blocked with carriers' carts, the carriers themselves drinking at a low public-house near where Prince's Gate now stands. In the suburbs he would have found the foot-pavements narrow and bad, the stones small and ill-fitted, with the choice of pebbles by their side. The roads in these quarters he would have found in ruts, sometimes pools of mud, sometimes deserts of sand; in the City and Westminster, indeed, he would have found the regular full-sized granite rock. In the City, and out of it, had he chanced to see the road taken up for the repair of the water-pipes, he would have seen what, perhaps, would then have been no novelty to him, that they consisted of trunks of trees, hollowed and fitted end into end. There was then an almost entire absence of that ornamental architecture to which the competition of shops, companies, and offices has given so many forms and such picturesque variations. Houses of business, whether wholesale or retail, were then very substantial business-like structures. There had not yet been discovered that system of checking the accounts of retail trade which allows of any extension, and there was hardly an established shop in London that could venture to exceed twenty shopmen. Nothing could be more dingy than the look of even our principal thoroughfares till the painted and paste-board grandeur of Regent Street, its crescent and circuses, provoked a storm of ephemeral abuse, but a lasting rivalry, and, in fact, changed the look of the metropolis.

"But the chief question suggested by Dr. Petermann's friendly and even flattering account of us is the effect upon foreigners in those days. The first answer that will occur to many is that there were no foreigners here in those days—none, at least, to criticise us closely. There were very few 'hotels,' and they were, as Dr. Johnson observed, for the rich, and not for men of moderate means. The 'Inns' were all bad, and even more expensive than they were bad. You were compelled to eat and drink what you did not want, and to pay monstrously for it. Each one seemed to reckon on paying its expenses by fleecing to the utmost one or two parties of visitors from the country, ignorant of London, and glad to consider an Inn their home. When there were ladies a suite of rooms was a necessity, half of them looking into a back yard and perhaps over the stables. Clubs there were none, except those to which it required the strongest county or political interest to get admission. There were few Institutions, Societies, Exhibitions, or places of amusement, beyond the theatres and concert-rooms. The Royal Academy was housed in three or four moderately-sized rooms in Somerset House, and what is now the National Gallery was cradled in Pall Mall. Anything new in the way of exhibitions was sure to be of an utterly ridiculous character, such as moving waxwork, industrious fleas, Red Indians, and conjurors, content, as yet, with sleight of hand. Of course, country people who could come up for the season and reckon on society did not want anything else; but they certainly had very little else than the pleasures of society;

while the many unfortunates who came up in the character of country cousins, or absolute strangers, exhausted the sights and opportunities of London in a week, and then had nothing to do but to turn their faces homewards and report to the local inquirers how little difference there really was between London and other places. Such was London half a century ago, before a railway whistle had announced the coming train, or the sound of the paddle the passing river steamer; when country letters cost a shilling, and a newspaper sevenpence; when it was possible to start from Fleet Street or Charing Cross afoot and find oneself in the green fields in half-an-hour. The change has brought its drawbacks, and they are not inconsiderable; but, upon the whole, we shall most of us be disposed to prefer this picture to that."

## Varieties.

**SEASIDE LODGINGS.**—There are four main defects—viz., imperfect drainage, impure water, overcrowding, and allowing lodgers to take rooms that have been lately occupied by persons suffering from fever, the rooms not having been duly disinfected. All these causes are preventible, and, therefore, ought not to exist. It is no use to appeal to the local authorities. It is true that the cost of good drainage, of pure water, of preventing overcrowding, and of official inspection and disinfection, would be amply repaid; for any seaside resort at which such reasonable care was taken would be in special public favour, and the lodging-house keepers would obtain extra rents. But it is difficult to persuade people who are not rich to consent to an immediate outlay in view of future profit, or to decline more lodgers because ultimately overcrowding does not pay. The local authorities naturally sympathise with the local views and wishes, and when they happen to have the will they have not the power to effect sanitary reforms or to enforce sanitary regulations. The only hope of improvement is by the intervention of the legislature. An Act of Parliament making thorough drainage and a supply of pure water imperative, and which made it compulsory on the local authorities to prevent overcrowding, and to disinfect rooms that had been occupied by fever patients or fever convalescents, would be a great boon to the public, and would ultimately be a benefit to the seaside lodging-house keepers.—*Figaro*.

**THIERS AS AN ORATOR.**—A newspaper correspondent gives some interesting characteristics of M. Thiers as an orator:—M. Thiers was not an impassioned orator like Gambetta, but he was an incomparable debater. He could marshal facts and figures like battalions, and march them on from the conquest of one position after another, till his opponents were fairly overwhelmed and routed. He talked rather above the heads of the masses, and in this respect was inferior to the orator above-mentioned. He also lacked the humour for after-dinner oratory, the easy faculty for small-talk which dismisses a deputation pleasantly; the gift of saying nothing in bantering terms, so as to close the mouths of Parliamentary querists; but in the graver word-contests of the political arena his eloquence had a force which has over and over again knocked cabinets to pieces. Like most *bourgeois* Frenchmen, he looked upon oratory in an almost sacerdotal spirit; he was perhaps too earnest about it, for when he ascended the tribune he reminded one of a bishop mounting his pulpit, or of a general climbing on his war-horse. It was curious to see him take his stand in the rostrum and prepare for one of his grand speeches. He would begin by drawing out a cambric handkerchief and touching his lips with it. Then he would say in a quiet, grave tone: "Gentlemen—" and before going any further touch his lips again, and wait till there was a dead silence. His voice had a rather piping sound, but once it had warmed it was as clear in its resonance as a silver flute. His stature was very short, and his restless gesticulations, his habit of buttonholing interlocutors, his excited way of wagging his head, and his knack of suddenly drawing off his spectacles and wiping them on the skirt of his coat occasionally, lent him a somewhat comical aspect in the lobbies of the House; but he was dignified enough in the tribune; and of late years, when his hair was quite white, his brow wrinkled, and his gestures a little heavy from age, there were moments when he looked absolutely patriarchal. He had a practice of always pausing and seeming to hesitate an instant before making any great

point, so that the point when it came acquired a doubly telling force; and when he entered upon his peroration he spoke in quick, loud, stirring accents, which reminded old soldiers of the *pas de charge*, and gave shorthand writers a world of trouble to keep up with him. It was certainly a pity that M. Thiers's elocutionary gifts could not adapt themselves at need to the more commonplace forms of public speaking, for he often over-shot his mark by making a set speech where a few humorous remarks would have done better; and it is all the more surprising that he should have thus erred, as in private life he was singularly felicitous at chit-chat, banter, and repartee. If he could have spoken to deputations, to committees, to Parliamentary free lances who tilted at him, as he did to visitors at his hospitable house in the Place St. Georges, he would have made his authority as a party leader much more thoroughly felt than he did. His fault was an over-anxiety to persuade everybody.

**COLORADO BEETLE.**—Mr. C. V. Riley, State entomologist of Missouri, has published a valuable Report on the noxious, beneficial, and other insects of the State. Of the potato bug, or Colorado beetle, he says it has travelled in a direct eastern line 1,500 miles since 1859. There are reasons why it has not spread so rapidly along its southern as it has along its northern line of march. The first is, the potato is not in such general cultivation along the southern line; the second is, that the insect is northern rather than southern in its native habitat. The next reason stated is of greater interest to Europeans, viz., that, while it cannot thrive where the thermometer ranges near 100 deg. Fahr., the intensity or length of winter will hardly affect it, except in reducing the number of annual broods, and, consequently, its power of multiplication. The state of dormancy once entered into, it may continue a month or two without harm. Mr. Riley has noticed that as the insect has spread over the country it has become modified in habit and has increased the number of its food plants. It has also undergone considerable modification, so that old descriptions of the species no longer hold good in all cases. This is very important where, in the accident of its travelling on ships, it is necessary to decide whether a specimen is *Doryphora decemlineata* or not. Mr. Riley says that he has seen hosts in their north-easterly spread through Iowa and Wisconsin, in which the ground colour is white rather than yellow, and the size not more than a half that of typical specimens. The ornamentation of the elytra and legs has also varied, and the black line along the elytral suture is as obsolete as in *Doryphora juncta*. In discussing the probability of its introduction into Europe, Mr. Riley replies to the paper by Mr. Bates, published in the "Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England," in which he argues that because no American beetles have been acclimatised in Europe, it is not likely the *Doryphora* will be. Mr. Riley mentions various insects that have been acclimatised, and further points out the especial powers of adaptation to new conditions the potato beetle has shown. There are hundreds of North American insects—and some of the most injurious, too—which no one fears will ever establish themselves in Europe, because they are restricted, and have for years been restricted, to certain geographical areas. But the potato beetle has already shown that it is a remarkable exception. Should it ever reach England, it would probably enjoy the temperate climate and thrive.

**"ICH DIEN" NEWLY INTERPRETED.**—In the Anthropological Section at the British Association at Plymouth, the Rev. Professor Beal made some remarks on a very curious figure, assumed to be of Buddha, which had been bought by Mr. Brent of a dealer in Plymouth. The curious feature of the figure is that it has over its head the figure of a descending dove, and doves on each side—very curious emblems to find in a figure of Chinese origin. Mr. Beal traced the dove to the three rays symbolising the sun with Eastern nations; to which also he traced the three feathers in the Prince of Wales's plume, and the three tines of the trident in the royal arms. "Ich dien" was commonly interpreted "I serve;" but its Sanscrit derivation was "I shine," which singularly bore out the hypothesis propounded. In this, too, Mr. Beal was supported by Mr. Phené, who said that when he had the honour to represent the "Daily News" as correspondent in the East, he first stated that Mr. Simpson had found this emblem in the temple of the Black Virgin at Ancona, and since then he had discovered it precisely in the arms of one of the noble families in Genoa, and likewise on the head-plate of an old Turkish gun, both of them of Oriental origin. As to the three lines or rays indicating the sun, that was stated by the Welsh and others, but he had lately found a most remarkable evidence of one line in a perfectly natural obelisk which crowns the summit of the Isle of Delos, sacred to Apollo and his mythical birthplace.

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